

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY  
1222 New York Avenue. Telephone MAIn 3300.

CLINTON T. BRADY, President and Editor.

Advertising Office:  
NEW YORK: 4 E. W. W. Building, Brunswick Building.  
CHICAGO: 4 E. W. W. Building, Hartford Building.  
ATLANTIC CITY: C. K. Abbot, Bartlett Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:  
Daily and Sunday.....45 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$5.40 per year  
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$2.90 per year

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:  
Daily and Sunday.....45 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$5.40 per year  
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$2.90 per year  
Sunday, without Daily.....\$2.40 per year

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

FRIDAY MAY 1, 1914.

By the way, has Hon. Giff Pinchot volunteered yet?

Women can't keep anything secret. The new fashions prove this.

We are prepared to wait the first war poet that comes our way.

If the report comes from Mexico the chances are that it isn't so.

A good many people seem to be backward about going to the front.

We know a man who says he is willing to volunteer as a conscript officer.

We are convinced that the war germ is even worse than the grip microbe.

You can't always tell. We know lots of preachers' sons who have become good citizens.

If Hald had known how easy it was she, too, might have offered to intervene in our behalf.

A doctor says love is a disease. Yes, and some times marriage is the only cure for it.

We look for warmer weather during the coming week, especially south of the Rio Grande.

Oh, the inhumanities of war. Tennessee proposes to organize a regiment of motorcycle cavalry.

Don't you think it would be a good idea to apply a literacy test in dealing with Mexican generals?

Hon. Nick Longworth will doubtless be interested in the news that pompadours are coming back in style.

Occasionally we meet a father who will admit that his baby perhaps isn't any smarter than other babies.

There will be a lot more joy in the world when all the people who can't sing become convinced that they can't.

Up to the hour of going to press those fifteen Texas Rangers had been able to keep Gov. Colquitt from invading Mexico.

Many people are still wondering why Secretary Bryan thought it worth while to deny the report that he would resign.

British authorities may yet decide that it will be cheaper to give the women the ballot than to care for them in the jails.

Huerta probably won't believe it, but it is a fact that the House of Representatives spent all of last Monday discussing how to tax the District of Columbia.

A New York woman lent her automobile and chauffeur to her cook on Easter Sunday. The chauffeur got drunk, upset and injured the cook who is now suing her former employer for \$35,000 damages. The moral is plain. Never lend a cook an automobile. If he's out of commission, just make her a present of your own.

Another prisoner in the District jail very nearly succeeded in committing suicide by hanging himself with a towel. This method seems to have become easily the most popular of any in vogue there and the best authorities agree that the fashion is not likely to change until the jail authorities reduce the size or change the texture of the towel. It has almost entirely superseded the custom once considered both smart and effective of hanging by the suspenders, due largely, it is believed, to the rather short-sighted preference in criminal circles for rubber suspenders.

It has been established, to the satisfaction of most people, scientists, and laymen alike, that radium is not a cure for cancer. The death yesterday of Police Capt. Barnes, following closely that of Representative Bremner in Baltimore, both having been given the radium treatment, impresses the truth firmly on this city. Always in the case of a new discovery there are extravagant claims as to what it is capable of accomplishing, and it must now be reluctantly realized that cure of the terrible disease of cancer is one of the wonders that radium cannot perform.

Postmaster Praeger has done Washington valuable service in directing that two collections from the city mail boxes be made on Sundays instead of one, as the present rule provides. The one collection system was a part of the "economy" propaganda of a former Postmaster General, which resulted in general deterioration of the postal service from which it is only now recovering. When a public holiday, on which collections are also curtailed, precedes or follows a Sunday a delay results under the present system that would hardly have been tolerated a score of years ago.

The urgent recommendation to Congress by the Public Buildings Committee that "all of the activities of the government in the District of Columbia be housed in government buildings," is an important and really progressive step. Every one will agree with the commission that the "present system of scattering the work of the various departments about the city in rented buildings, many of which are of unfit and insubstantial character, is wholly indefensible from any point of view. It increases expense and promotes inefficiency. There can be no possible excuse for a great government carrying on its business in rented buildings scattered all over the Capital, and the wonder is that such a condition has been permitted for years.

## Put Back the Sugar Duty.

If, despite everything that the President can do to avoid a conflict, we still find ourselves engaged in war with Mexico, the ways and means of raising money to carry on the contest will be the most important question that Congress will have to consider. All sorts of methods are being discussed, including, of course, the imposition of the old financial levies known as the Spanish war taxes.

We assume, without question, that these special taxes will be once more imposed. Experience showed that they were easily borne by the people, were productive of a large revenue, and were popular and efficient war taxes in every way. But we beg to suggest, very respectfully, that Congress take up seriously the idea of restoring the duty on sugar that was needlessly taken off in the last tariff bill. The cost of collecting the duty was trivial, and whether the tariff rate on sugar was raised or lowered did not change the price to the consumer one whit.

The first reduction of the sugar duty under the new tariff took effect on March 1, and the larger reduction does not take effect until May 1 two years hence. However, even as it is, the proceeds of our customs duties are already \$27,000,000 less for the current fiscal year than they were for the previous year, and if the entire reductions on sugar contemplated in the present law were in effect at this moment they would cause a loss of \$25,000,000 in addition to the \$27,000,000 that has already occurred.

In 1912, the last year of the old tariff, the revenue from the sugar duties amounted to a little over \$50,000,000. What possible reason is there why the government of the United States should not be once more in receipt of this sum, at least while the Mexican war lasts? If, as the administration had apparently anticipated, "free sugar" had resulted in a perceptible lowering of the cost of sugar to the family, the case would be different. But no shadow of the much-to-be-desired result can be perceived even by the most optimistic.

## Guns and "Good Offices."

While "good offices" are at work and armistices are being discussed we must keep our 12-inch guns trained and the men behind them alert.

Late dispatches last night told of the firing on an American merchant ship by the forts at Tampico and the killing of one man on board. Other advices are to the effect that Villa refuses to be a party to mediation or armistice.

Before yielding or conceding the fraction of a point suggested by the mediators this government must ascertain all the facts connected with the firing on an American ship from Tampico. We must know where the orders came from, and if a complete and satisfactory explanation is not instantly forthcoming, we may as well forget all about "good offices," "mediation," and "armistices" and resume the carrying out of President Wilson's original program, with notice to other powers declining with thanks any further exercise of "good offices."

So far the mediators have nothing to show.

## "A Message to Uncle Sam."

Albert Hubbard has written the companion piece to "A Message to Garcia." It is "A Message to Uncle Sam," and it contains more thought-punches to the line and minute than anything in current literature. It is the Sage of East Aurora at his best, and it would be a blessing should it prove as effective a gospel to politics as the Message Garcia was great preaching for national efficiency. The message is based on the wonderful help we are giving our competitors in the markets of the world by harassing and handicapping Big Business, beginning with the widely quoted statement that first appeared in the Philadelphia Ledger:

If I were connected with the diplomatic service of Europe I would organize a system under which agents would be sent into this country with a big wad of money, and would hire a lot of windjammers to keep up this agitation against the so-called trust. I would make popular opinion against them, such that the government could not fail to resort to the extreme measures for breaking up the big concerns.

This is the text upon which Hubbard preaches and he holds all who listen, down to the last benediction. "When big business," he says, "is grieved and handicapped, the workman suffers. Exports of raw materials and foodstuffs mean skinning our milk and giving the cream away. We must use our raw materials and consume our foodstuffs right here. Then let us sell manufactured products. By so doing, we siphon into this country the wealth of the world, and in this wealth all of our wage-earners share. Henry Ford sells steel, brass, leather, and wood properly coordinated at 50 cents a pound."

Hubbard points out that the largest market for American farm machinery is not Kansas City, St. Paul, nor yet Fargo; but Omsk, in far-away Russian Siberia. In ten years, he shows, exports of American manufactured goods have doubled; in thirteen years they have jumped from four hundred eighty-four millions to over a billion. "This means that every year more than a thousand million dollars is brought here from Europe in payment for American enterprise, American labor, and American materials." Formerly sixth, we are now third as a manufacturing nation. "But," says Hubbard, "if the American government will cease to add artificial difficulties to the natural difficulties of doing business, we will soon rank first."

Hubbard wants no palliation of wrongdoing. Guilt is personal, and the man who violates the rights of person and property should be punished. Fines will not do, and directors should be held responsible for the conduct of business. Punish the guilty; yes, but let's not derail commercial progress for reasons of politics.

The Message makes an extended and powerful argument for the encouragement of manufacturing as against the export of raw material. It declares that the country that sells the raw material will always be poor, and instances the making of a kodak, which sells abroad for \$5 and is made from raw material which costs 20 cents. "Manufacturing is the useful organization of materials," says the Message. "The wealth of America did not turn on either labor or raw materials; it turned on a genius for organization, adaptation, and invention." And further along it declares: "And Europe, jealous of our ability to produce wealth, is putting the knockout drops into our prosperity through misleading publicity. Instead of being the

most prosperous people in the world, as we should be, we are on the verge of panic, with two million men idle. Doubt, distrust, fear, uncertainty, hesitation possess us. Creeping paralysis has us in a deadly grip. And all Europe chuckles in glee."

It is next pointed out that exportation is work for big organizations. Large capital is necessary and large expenditure needed for mere inquiry and investigation—to look the land over, as Hubbard phrases it. Goods must be manufactured months in advance and sold on long-time credit. Men must be trained and they must learn the foreign languages. Little business cannot do this work. "The Demagogue, the Red Socialist, the Anarchist, the I. W. W., the Yellow Press, the Muckraker, are crying for the destruction of the very things that have made this country supremely great—organization and co-operation. Trade unionism does not sympathize with these assaults on success. Unionism has helped the American workman immensely. It has given him higher wages, better conditions, and shorter hours. A prosperous and contented workman is hated and detested by the I. W. W."

Hubbard is for supervision, but he would pick his supervisors. So would we. "Great industrial organizations should be supervised," he says, "but not by Upton Sinclair, Lincoln Steffens, Col. Henry, Brother Moyer, Bill Haywood, Mother Jones, or Emma Goldman."

The East Auroran finds the recipe in real service and warns us that "the penalties of life are for selfishness." Final safety lies in sanity. Should our government begin to confiscate property, he says, that instant will enterprise grow old, senility prate of the past, and the Zulu savage will journey this way to sit on the broken arch of Brooklyn bridge.

It's a pity the Philistine for April only printed 225,000 copies, not enough to go around among the reformers into whose tender mercies the United States, are for the time, committed. But borrow a copy if you can and read The Message to Uncle Sam.

## The Beauty.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

There was a woman gifted with wonderful beauty. It caused her, while she was still hardly more than a child, to be admired and favored and pursued. She illustrated the truth of the French proverb, "When a girl is beautiful she is already married." She was scarcely more than a child when the man came who was to make her his wife.

It was not till she had bound herself to the man and had borne him a child and had gone out into the world that she realized the power that lay in her beauty. For a time she grieved that she had not known before, that she had not waked up.

In the admiration of the world she found a continual delight. It made her despite the man who treated her as if she were his own. She longed to escape from him, to be free to use her power, to bring men to her feet and to achieve a great position, where she might have more and more admiration and win the rewards that should enable her to give her beauty the right setting, like a jewel.

One day she weighed the present with the future. She was still young. If she remained for a few years more by her husband's side her youth would be gone. If she listened to the voices of the world she would have her heart's desire. She chose to listen to the world.

By the roadside of life she left the man, broken and disillusioned and embittered. The child she took with her. For she loved the child as her blossom, the reflection of herself. But as the presence of the child would interfere with the life she longed to lead, she placed her in a convent.

Ten years passed. The woman found herself more and more widely acclaimed. She became famous for her beauty.

Princes were at her feet. She herself lived like a princess. The world looked on and admired and smiled and applauded and gossiped.

The woman accepted the applause and acted as if she did not hear the gossip. Those she had known in her youth she ignored. Those who had loved her she treated with contempt. Some of these wondered what her punishment would be. But there was apparently no punishment. The woman seemed not merely successful, but happy.

Meanwhile, her beauty, instead of waning, grew more resplendent, more exquisite. When it was reported that she had a daughter in the convent, rapidly growing into womanhood, people marveled. She herself seemed hardly more than a girl.

The time came when the woman discovered that her daughter had become a woman. She would take the girl home, to be introduced to the great world. The girl's presence by her side would silence detractors. The girl would be like her mother, lovely as the morning.

So the girl went home to live. What a wonderful house, filled with costly things, with great mirrors where the beauty of the mother was daily reflected. At first she was bewildered. She had not understood before. She had not suspected. Gradually, she became aware of the life her mother had led, of its meaning. At first she was shocked; but she loved her mother and she soon became accustomed to the life, to the luxury, the gayety, the presence of so many interesting people, the rides in the park, the admiration of the men.

Soon the admiration began to intoxicate her. She heard men and women talk about love. She longed herself to love, to be loved. She longed to live intensely, deeply, like those she saw about her.

Meanwhile the mother was watching and wondering, and as she thought, safeguarding. One of those men would marry the child some day and take her from all this feverish life and make her respected, the honored wife and the mother of children.

But the girl had no such dreams. The first words of love that she heard thrilled her.

In a year the people were talking less of the mother than the child. They were saying that the daughter was following in the footsteps of the mother. And they were also saying that the daughter did not have the coldness of the mother, the calculation. For the daughter they foresaw dangers that the mother had escaped.

Meanwhile, the mother remained blind. She was too close to the daughter to see. And when she did see it was too late. For already the good name of the daughter had been tarnished.

Then the mother heard that some of the old friends were saying her punishment would come through her daughter's shame. For the first time in her life she began to feel concern. She resolved to keep her daughter closer.

One day the mother was told that the daughter had flown with a man who had long been her own admirer. The news came while she was having her beauty prepared for the day and while she was glancing over the morning paper.

She sat up and confronted one of the great mirrors.

In an instant all her years had stamped themselves into her face.

## MEXICAN VERA CRUZ RAILWAY.

Passes Through Torrid and Temperate Zones to the Capital.

There are two main travel ways into Mexico. The first lies across the stormy waters of the Mexican Gulf, the yellow strand of Vera Cruz, beyond which the "star mountain" of the Aztecs, Citlaltepetl (Orizaba, 15,200 feet high) rears its gleaming snow-capped midheaven above the clouds. It was here that Cortes landed four centuries ago, and it is the route followed by European travelers to-day. Here stands Ulox, the promontory fortress where more than one of Mexico's short-lived rulers languished and died of yellow fever, and to the west are the broad coastal deserts. Beyond it rises the white buildings and towers of Vera Cruz, a dream city, as beheld from the gulf, of interest and beauty, and to the west are the broad coastal deserts. Piled up to the horizon are the wooded slopes and canyons of the great Sierra Madre, towering upward in solitary majesty. We stand upon a torrid strand, yet gaze upon an icy mountain.

One of the most remarkable railways in the world ascends this steep slope, and serpentine among sheer descents to gain the summit of abrupt escarpments from which a remarkable feature of the country is seen. It is the Vera Cruz railway. The line, which looks down into another country and climate, upon those tropical valleys which he has left below. This is the Mexican Vera Cruz railway. The line, which looks down into another country and climate, upon those tropical valleys which he has left below.

The great trouble with me," Mr. Cox continued, "is that I will say it frankly—I am too versatile. If I were willing to occupy myself exclusively with public service, I should accomplish a great deal more than I have been able to do."

"I am very fond of traveling, and so is Mrs. Cox. If I were to give myself up to travel, I should be in unfamiliar parts of the world. I am certain that I could write something of which I and my friends might be proud and which would live."

"I am always fascinated when I am occupied with exclusively literary work. It is never labor for me. It is joy to me to compose and to see the results of my composition set forth in type. I wish I could persuade myself to devote my entire life heretofore to literary work. I feel certain that I could do something that would be worthy of me. But man cannot be great in politics, in research, and in literature at the same time. Edward Everett Gleason once told me that he would have made a greater success in life if he had devoted himself exclusively to literature. After he had written the novels which gained such great success he thought he might have obtained permanent fame as a novelist and writer. He would have done so if he had not been tempted by his versatility to take up other things in connection with his fiction writing."

"I have two or three projects in mind for literary work and if I can decide to give up public life and devote myself to literature I shall be very happy. It is an unaccustomed and a curious fact as well that any man who has for any considerable period been occupied with political or public service always feels the temptation to resume that service after he has withdrawn from it for a while, with intent to take up other things. That, I fear, will be the case with me."

(Copyright, 1913, by Dr. E. J. Edwards. All rights reserved.)

## Morning Smiles.

Understood Children.

Applicant—"No, ma'am, I couldn't work where there's children."

Madam—"But you advertised for a girl who understood children."

Applicant—"Oh, I understand 'em, ma'am. That's why I wouldn't work where they are—Boston Transcript."

## Looking for an Opening.

An Irishman walked into a hotel and asked the room clerk for a room for the night. Leaning over the bar, he earnestly inquired of the bartender: "Is that a private fight or can any one get into it?"—Life.

## His Given Name.

Mrs. Oldham—"Do you belong to many clubs, Mr. Clymer?"

Mr. Clymer—"Only a suit club, Mrs. Oldham, but we call it a coterie."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

## Having a Good Time.

"Hicks—What kind of a girl is she?"

Wicks—"Oh, her dream of a good time is to sit in the dark, with a muff in her lap, between two young men, and let the young men hold each other's hands inside the muff."—Exchange.

## Not Free for All.

Crane—"Oh, hear ye we mixed up in a free fight the other evening."

Mull—"You were mixed up in a free fight in the next morning."—Boston Transcript.

## Simple Explanation.

Willis—"What's the election today for? Anybody happen to know?"

Gillis—"It is to determine whether we shall have a convention to nominate a candidate, or whether we will vote as we feel."

Whether they will attend a caucus which will decide whether we shall have a primary to determine whether the people want to vote on this same question again next year."—Puck.

## Not a Tempting Offer.

He was an idle Irish boy, but he had the Irishman's ready wit. He had shipped on board a man-of-war, where he annoyed the boatwain by his laziness. Seeing him on the mainmast one morning gazing idly out to sea, the boatwain called out to him:

"Come down out of that, ye rascal! Come down out of that, an' O'll give ye a dozen shillings to be made to."

"Faith, sorr," replied the boy, "O'll wouldn't come if ye offered me two dozen!"—Pearson's Weekly.

## PARENTAL OPPOSITION.

Parents are a peculiar combination and paradox. A man will have the greatest pride in his son, yet be unable to understand that the boy wants to do something different from himself. A son will tell a father that he is going to do this, and the father will be made to understand that the boy wants to do something different from himself. A son will tell a father that he is going to do this, and the father will be made to understand that the boy wants to do something different from himself.

## HE AND SHE.

She looked across the mantelpiece with adoring gaze.

Her nearest neighbor was a stain upon her pillow.

Her hands were prominently laid upon her slender hips.

She was looking at her feet.

Her black hair had the mystery of gloomy forest nights.

Between her eyebrows eyelids shone the gleam of moonlight.

Her fine translucent skin betrayed the pulsing blood beneath.

And when she moved her body seemed a fly in its sheath.

Then her decadent fingers flicked the ash into the tray.

She smiled like a child who expects to hear what she might say.

He observed at her brightest gaze the gleam of the long dark hair.

"This is a pretty rotten world."

"Yes, isn't it?" he said.

—London Opinion.

## HISTORY BUILDERS.

The Congressman Who Was Too Versatile to Be Great.

Written Expressly for The Herald.

By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

I was invited by the late Samuel S. Cox to spend an afternoon with him in the house which he had taken within a stone's throw of the great house in which James M. Blaine died in the last year of his residence in Washington. Mr. Cox was at that time a member of Congress who represented one of the New York City districts. He was widely known, and in due course of his life he had been a versatile, and for his literary ability, but perhaps, more widely on account of the sobriquet which was invariably used in connection with his name—"Sunset."

Mr. Cox was a charming companion. He possessed an unusual fund of information not merely of a character associated with politics, but also in the department of history and to some extent in science. He said to me: "I am thinking seriously of giving up public life so that I can devote myself exclusively to literary work."

"Haven't you any rivers out that way?" asked Sheppard. "You know, there's nothing that will please a body of constituents more readily than to see a Congressman showing a kind interest in a river."

"Oh, yes, we have a river," replied Sheppard, with pride. "It is called the Maumee, and they're talking of having it excavated so as to connect Lake Erie with Lake Michigan. In fact, there's an organization to boost that work along, and—"

"There you have it," interrupted Sheppard. "I know there must be a way."

"I have what?" queried Tim. "The way to get your third term. All you have to do is get yourself made president of that waterway association and no body would show any advantage of the opportunity to have such an excellent man in Washington."

Several months now are supposed to have elapsed, and we take up the thread of our fascinating little story shortly after Tim, with the help of his fellow-Congressmen in several lake cities, is made president of the waterway association which proposed to improve the Maumee. Tim presides at a big meeting, and the principal speaker is Martin Ansberry, of Chicago, who now inhabits with the district if the voters would simply keep an able person like Mr. Ansberry as their representative in Congress—that is, they should take advantage of the opportunity to have such an excellent man in Washington."

There are several other speeches to follow, but they are not of great importance. Tim gets up and addresses the people, so Madden says, substantially as follows: "Gentlemen, that will close the exercises for this evening. If you will just pass out now in a quiet and orderly manner, without needless crowding," etc.

And the meeting disperses. Madden turns to Tim in astonishment when it was all over, and asks:

"What did you mean by breaking the thing up so soon? Why, there were three or four other speeches to be given, and you hadn't even elected local officers yet?"

"No," replied Tim. "I had got all I wanted out of it, and it looks a little like rain, and I saw no need of keeping the good people away from their homes any longer."

Representative Claude Weaver, of Oklahoma, is an eloquent and scholarly talker, and in addition he talks with a great many gestures. They are characteristic gestures and sometimes the atmosphere all about him is punched full of holes made by his index fingers as he hands work in union.

The day after he spoke in regard to Panama Canal tolls, Weaver asked another colleague: "Did you hear my speech?"

"Oh, well," replied the other man, "I was sitting too far away to hear it, but I distinctly saw it."

They were having a heated political convention out in Kansas, as Victor Muddock tells the story, and two men from rival delegations got into a serious personal dispute.

"Oh, you're crazy!" shouted one.

"I'm not crazy!" denied the other.

"But you are crazy!"

"I can prove I'm not crazy, and that's more'n you can do."

"Let's see you prove it, then."

Whereupon the man who was accused of being crazy pulled from an inside pocket his discharge papers from a nearby insane asylum.

Representative Roberts, of Nevada, is an authority on water fowl and owns one of the largest private collections of stuffed birds in the West.

(Copyright, 1913, by Fred C. Kelly. All rights reserved.)

## Statesmen, Real and Near.

By FRED C. KELLY.

Here is a little tale of political intrigue, the facts for which are furnished by Representative Martin B. Madden, of Illinois, and denied, in part, by Representative Timothy Ansberry, of Ohio, who happens to be the hero of the story.

Ansberry was about to run for his third term in Congress a few years ago, and he was fretful over the fact that there was a great prejudice in his district against a man remaining in Congress for more than two consecutive terms.

He went about among his fellow-statesmen, seeking counsel, and in due course appealed to Morris Sheppard, now a Senator from Texas, who is a young man of much political sapience.

"Well, let's see," mused Sheppard. "Now, as I understand it, you want a third term for Congress and the rule out your way is against such a thing. Ah, yes; it's a serious case, but perhaps I can help you." And he began to knit his brows perplexedly, like a physician diagnosing a case of ills.

"Haven't you any rivers out that way?" asked Sheppard. "You know, there's nothing that will please a body of constituents more readily than to see a Congressman showing a kind interest in a river."